

[ 7 ]

XII.

Your former Talk then recommence,

Again you may deceive :

Your Pedantry of Eloquence,

There are, who void of common Sense,

Will readily believe.

XIII.

Alas, when they Downfall meet

Some Deity in Charity!

Catch them ye Nymphs of River Wks;

Recline 'em on your cozy Seats

That Couch of Popularity!



F I V I S

THE  
ART  
OF  
PRESERVING.

A  
POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

Confectioner in Chief

OF THE

B---T---SH C---V---L---Y.



L O N D O N:

Printed for and Sold by, JOSEPH BURD, at the Temple-Exchange,  
near the Temple-Gate, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLIX.



THE

A R T

OF

PRESERVING

A

P O E M

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B-T-N-L-N



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MDCCLX

T H E

A R T  
O F  
P R E S E R V I N G, &c.

**W**HILE some with over Warmth engage,  
Nor fix the moderate Bounds of Rage;  
And others, who don't love the Fun,  
Think it the safest Way---to run:  
O S-----e, *thine* shall be the Lay,  
Who neither fought, nor run away;  
Who calmly view'd the Battle round,  
Yet bravely, firmly stood your Ground;  
Whose Soul, unmov'd by low Ambition,  
Supinely, in a safe Position,  
Not e'en the Trumpet's Clangor mov'd,  
To what (in Fact) it ne'er approv'd;  
Whose prudent Mind to Rage a Stranger,  
Despises Glory---mixt with Danger:  
Whose Smell's so delicate, we hear,  
It can't the Scent of Powder bear:  
Whose Tympanum's so fine and thin,  
It can't endure the Cannon's Din,  
But like a Beau, who knows his Distance,  
Stood still, and scorn'd to make Resistance.

These Virtues, all the Nation own,  
(E'en from the Cocker to the Throne)  
Are *Thine*, my L\*\*\*d :----To thee we owe  
(As every grateful Heart must know)  
The due Applause we ought to give  
For those who by your Conduct *live*:  
Those many noble Men and Horses,  
Who might, by now, have look'd like Asses,  
Had not your prudent Power restrain'd,  
And wisely by your Word detain'd 'em.

A 2

Thy



Thy Forethought, sure, in this was great ;  
 For who but *Thee* cou'd tell their Fate ?  
 You well foresaw their desperate Cases,  
 And knew they'd all be cut to Pieces ;  
 Knew well the Foe wou'd turn upon 'em,  
 And either shoot 'em, hang, or drown 'em :  
 For as they forward run,—'tis plain,  
 They might as well run back again :  
 For surely he that runs one Way, Sir,  
 May run the other Way with Pleasure.

Admitting this, as this we must do,  
 He best knew what he had to trust to ;  
 As he himself was in the Case,  
 He'd share the Danger or Disgrace :  
 For had he, by a foolish Heat,  
 Expos'd his Troops to a Defeat,  
 And ventur'd forward---What a Hazard !  
 Some smockfac'd Youth might spoil his Mazard ;  
 And he, among the rest, had fallen ;—  
 Which last Reflection, sure, is galling.  
 He'd heard, no doubt, of French Polices,  
 Their sham Retreats, their Feints, Finesses ;  
 And had he seen 'em on the Ground lye,  
 Might think 'em only sleeping soundly ;  
 Or, Falstaff-like, for Fear of beating,  
 Said they were only counterfeiting ;  
 And, at a certain Time, the said Men  
 Might rise again, like Bayes's dead Men,  
 And by a Counter-march surround 'em,  
 And take 'em Pris'ners, kill, or wound 'em.

These wise Reflections—mark the General ;  
 To sacrifice himself and Men and all,  
 He knew to be a foolish Fervor,  
 No Way consistent with Preserver.  
 He now may live to see those brave Ones,  
 Who nothing might ha' been but Bare-bones ;  
 Some pulveriz'd, and blown away, Sir,  
 Some soften'd into Mud and Clay, Sir,  
 Or Food for Fish that swim the Weser.

Ye Parents who had Children there,  
 Ye Children, who had Parents dear,  
 Ye Wives, who for your Husbands sigh'd,  
 O'er whom this Hero did preside,  
 No longer, with a Face of Doubt,  
 Be seen to vex yourselves, and pout :  
 This wise and noble General,  
 By doing nought, has sav'd 'em all ;

To

To him in Chorus raise your Notes,  
 Ye Praters swell your infant Throats.  
 Ye loving Wives, with Voices blest,  
 Ye Parents late by Fear deprest,  
 At once dispel your Care and Gloom,  
 And sing Amen for Years to come ;  
 How noble S——e, wife and good,  
 Once greatly fav'd your Flesh and Blood!

What tho' another in thy Stead,  
 Now leads the Troops you lately led,  
 Yet still shalt thou a greater Man be  
 Than ere the Marquis was of G——by.  
 Who knows but in some future Age,  
 Thy Wisdom may adorn the Page ;  
 Or who shall say but by and by, Sir,  
 When Folks are grown a little wiser,  
 But Towns and Cities may contribute,  
 Instead of Halter, Axe, or Gibbet,  
 To raise thy Statue high in Air,  
 As high as Roman Heroes were,  
 Adorned with emblematic Honours  
 (As best shall please the gen'rous Donors)  
 On which shall Fame and Glory stand,  
 And becken thee with stern Command,  
 Or court thee to their warm Embrace,  
 While you, my Lord, with Looks averse,  
 Bid Fame and Glory kiss your A—se ;  
 Where Courage in a G—by's Likeness,  
 Wou'd animate and rouse your Meekness.  
 " Lead on the Troops, he seems to say,  
 " Compleat the Glory of the Day.  
 " Push on, my Lord—they fly—pursue:  
 " The rest depends on Fate and You."  
 But all in vain, unmov'd and firm,  
 As scorning (e'en to hurt a Worm)  
 With Tenderneſs and Prudence mild,  
 You stand their best-beloved Child ;  
 And wisely to 'em seem to cry,  
 " Ah! why, my Parents dear, should I  
 " Lead to the Charge these martial Men,  
 " Who well may live to fight again?  
 " Wou'd twenty Frenchmen's Lives atone,  
 " Supposing I should lose but one,  
 " And that, alas!—shou'd be my own."

Then on the Pedestal below,  
 These Panegyrick Lines should flow.

B

Behold



"Behold the Man whose timely Care,  
 Sav'd many a Child and Parent dear;  
 Who, by his fixt and constant Breast,  
 Preserv'd two thousand Souls at least.  
 But mark the End of his Refind'ness,  
 They never thank him for his Kindness.  
 Now we, much wiser far than they,  
 His sad Misfortune to repay,  
 Have caus'd him to be stil'd and written  
 The Great CONFECTIONER of BRITAIN;  
 Who, sav'd his Troops, and eke his Foes  
 From Cannons, Musquets, Wounds, and Blows:  
 Who like the Great Immortal B—g,  
 Knew fighting was a dangerous Thing;  
 And chose to stand the public Censure,  
 Rather than fight in's own Defence, Sir."

Supposing this to be the Case,  
 And this same Statue find a Place;  
 Either in Great St. J—s's Square,  
 Or any other Spot elsewhere;  
 How would the pious Folks adore ye,  
 For thus despising worldly Glory!  
 Wou'd not the Tabernacle train,  
 Who wisely think all Glory vain,  
 Save that which comes from Heav'n above,  
 That bears the Stamp of Peace and Love,  
 Of Patience, and of true Forbearance,  
 Which are your L—p's close Adherents;  
 O how they'd hum, and sigh, and groan,  
 And make their hypocritic Moan:  
 Say, what a shocking Thing it was,  
 So great a Man in such a Cause,  
 Shou'd ever be the public Scoff,  
 The Butt of Wit, and such vain Stuff.  
 Wou'd they not thunder out Damnation,  
 'Gainst those whose wicked Inclination,  
 Cou'd stigmatize that peaceful Breast,  
 That so much Lowliness posselt?

Presumption is a Crime, my L—d;  
 But none of your's, upon my Word.  
 O happy thou, who well must know,  
 That none, tho' 'ere so much your Foe,  
 In this, can call your Name in Question,  
 Whose Calmness is beyond Suggestion:  
 But there are Men so foolish hardy,  
 Who always blame the Wise and Tardy,  
 They'd fight against all Opposition;  
 Nor minding Danger or Condition.

Others

Others there are whose Talents lie,  
 In watching Opportunity;  
 Which once attain'd, they fight away,  
 Resolv'd to win or lose the Day:  
 But this I cannot think is good,  
 To watch for shedding human Blood:  
 It is not gen'rous, I trow,  
 To take th' Advantage of a Foe;  
 Especially with such as you  
 Had (rather or had not) to do:  
 Whose Fame of fighting fair and even,  
 (At least some Score to Six or Seven:)  
 Who never seek Advantages,  
 Nor take 'em, if aright I guess:  
 Who, ev'n when they're flush'd with Glory,  
 Mourn o'er the Conquer'd, sad and sorry:  
 Who fight not for the Sake of Gain,  
 But so polite, and so humane,  
 They with uncommon Goodness spare,  
 E'en ev'ry Thing—they can't come near.

But scribbling Newswriters, I ween,  
 O'ercharg'd with Politics and Spleen,  
 Have told us Lies from Day to Day,  
 Of these our Foes so mild and gay:  
 They never cou'd their Armies bring,  
 To burn the Mansion of a King:  
 They ne'er, like Hell-hounds did run over,  
 The peaceful Lands of poor H——r:  
 They cou'd not plunder, rob, and pillage,  
 Each poor defenceless Town and Village:  
 They cou'd not bear the Virgin's Shriek;  
 The Fathers, or the Mother's eke.  
 These Things are false what People tell;  
 They burnt no Orphan-house at Zell:  
 And if they had, they surely must  
 Take out the harmless Children first.

These Reasons, (*candid* as they are,)  
 If we cou'd once believe *Maubert*;  
 Might all at once attack your L——p,  
 And surely then it was a Hardship,  
 To think that such a gen'rous Foe,  
 Shou'd so much Scandal undergo;  
 Who likely, for some private End,  
 Have been to you no trifling Friend.  
 Each Briton has a right to think;  
 Nor will they now at Blunders wink.  
 Born on the fav'rite Isle of Freedom,  
 They'd always fight—wou'd those who lead 'em.

Shou'd



Shou'd always censure or applaud,  
And punish (for they well reward)  
Whatever base and Coward Fear,  
Does (e'en in Generals) appear.

Say, did'st thou, could'st thou e'er reflect,  
On what our Martial Laws inflict,  
When Fools shall err—or Knaves neglect?  
Or, when you've had an Hour to spare,  
Perus'd the Articles of War?  
No doubt you've read 'em o'er and o'er,  
And knew 'em many Years before.  
Then how—Ah! how cou'd you debase  
The Glory of the warlike Chace:  
When Gr—by, eager for the Game,  
With raptur'd Bosom all o' Flame;  
(As Nimrod, or the fam'd Orion,  
Of Old persu'd the Pard or Lion)  
So Huntsman-like, he panted for't;—  
But ah! you spoiled the glorious Sport.

Too long the Muse has been in jest,  
In Earnest now—Beware the rest.  
A British Muse, enrag'd and free,  
Borne on the Wings of Liberty;  
Who, jealous of her native Glory,  
With Honour durst appear before ye;  
And boldly brave your knitted Brow,  
Say—Is there such a *Thing* as thou?  
Is there ought else in Britain's Isle,  
That cou'd their Country's Cause beguile?  
Pick me from all your servile Tribe,  
Who make no Conscience of a Bribe,  
Your Valets, Footmen, (Tom, or Harry)  
That cou'd in such a Case miscarry.

Thy Breast, (whatever Nature meant)  
Tis plain, too plain, cannot resent;  
Else woud'st thou with an Arm of Thunder,  
Have rouz'd Astonishment and Wonder.  
But ah! thou had'st forgot the Time,  
When poor America's sad Clime,  
With bleeding Heart, and Eyes aghast,  
Groan'd as each Groan wou'd be her last:  
When all her Sons and Daughters felt,  
Tortures, that in Description melt.  
Saw the poor Infant's harmless Breast,  
Gor'd by a French or Indian Beast:  
Their Sires with Mercy-moving Cries,  
Inhuman scalp'd before their Eyes;  
And Houses blazing to the Skies.

This

This, this alone, wou'd ought have done;  
 Had urg'd thee like a Hero on;  
 But still we'll nearer bring the Scene,  
 Perhaps you'll then know what we mean.

Cou'dst thou, who knew the balmy Savour,  
 That rises from a Monarch's Favour,  
 The grateful *Sweets* that happy spring  
 From Bounty's Hand, and Britain's King,  
 Not rouse thee when thy Master's Right  
 Peculiar begg'd your Aid in Fight:  
 When each complete Stroke from you,  
 Was Vict'ry's Fame, and GEORGE's due?  
 Say, didst thou then reflect of late,  
 How Ha—er's all-pitied State  
 Was overrun with Gallia's Swarms;  
 What Pangs she felt—what dire Alarms?  
 The Cruelties her Children bore,  
 When weltring in their guiltless Gore,  
 By these inhuman Sons of Gaul,  
 But more inhuman General;  
 When Orphan's Shrieks cou'd not assuage  
 Their lawless and infernal Rage;  
 Nor e'en the Mansion of that Prince,  
 (Beneath whose kinder Influence  
 You shou'd have felt the strangest Sense)  
 Was safe (tho' sacred else) from Flame,  
 And all for Richlieu's Sport and Game.  
 What else cou'd be the Cause, I ween,  
 Had they not strip'd 'em to the Skin;  
 Had they not plunder'd all they cou'd  
 Nor spar'd e'en Age or Infant Blood?

Think then, my L—d, how great must be  
 The heart-felt Pangs of Majesty;  
 Whose mental Eye survey'd the Scene,  
 His native Land, that once serene,  
 With Pleasure met his raptur'd Sight,  
 Diffusing all around Delight.  
 Those Scenes (he wonted to admire)  
 A Prey to Rapine, Sword, and Fire:

What Pen can write, or Tongue can say,  
 His anxious Grief, or deep Dismay!  
 Yet Heav'n in Pity to his Years,  
 His gnawing Grievs, and fervent Pray'rs,  
 Arm'd him for Purpose wise and good,  
 With more than common Fortitude;  
 Then rous'd, as by supreme Command,  
 Th' armed Hanoverian Band,  
 Led by the warlike Ferdinand.



Now Comfort dawn'd on GEORG's Breast,  
 Too long by Grief and Care deprest:  
 New Vigour fill'd his Royal Eye,  
 Serene his Breast as Summer Sky;  
 When still to bless him more and more,  
 Victoria sounds from Shore to Shore;  
 And all the Cares he lately felt,  
 Are lost in Rapture and Crevelt.

From Town the shifting Foe  
 Retreat t'evade a second Blow;  
 At length fresh Armies join their Pow'r,  
 And Legions thick on Legions pour:  
 With triple Force again they come,  
 To seal poor Hanoveria's Doom;  
 Whose Martial Sons were timely join'd,  
 By Britons, bold and disciplin'd.  
 The Foe, superior Three to One,  
 New flush'd with Hope, came boldly on;  
 Poor Cassel's once again subdu'd,  
 And Fears at Hanover renew'd:  
 Again, your Friend, the Royal Seer,  
 Opprest with Tenderness and Care,  
 With various Doubts and anxious Mind,  
 Can scarce a Peasant's Slumber find;  
 When lo!—when least expected fly  
 The Harbingers of Victory;  
 Joy meets the News, and wafts it to the Sky.

Now Britons each with Britons meet,  
 Say, is the Victory compleat?  
*—Why, no—'tis not decisive quite,  
 But might ha' been—had all been right.  
 How's that? cries one—Why, whose in Fault?  
 Egad; they ought to go to Pot.  
 —Sir, let me whisper in your Ear—  
 A—certain—noble—L—d—I fear,  
 On whom the grand Pursuit depended,  
 Is, as some People say, suspended,  
 And that that the Marquis bold of G—y  
 Has got his Place—'tis true as can be.  
 Ecod, says one, I'm glad of that,  
 And thus they gall with meer Chit-chat!*

Thou Blaster of a People's Hopes,  
 The Infamy of Britain's Troops;  
 Thou grand Impediment to Fame,  
 To Glory, and to GEORGE's Name,  
 When after all the Pangs and Fears,  
 The Trickling of a Monarch's Tears,  
 On sudden, when with Joy elated,  
 And thought his Happiness completed,

To think his native Country freed,  
 Whose Intrails had so lately bled,  
 Should find one T—— in the Way,  
 Who stain'd the Glory of the Day.

But ah! —how shall the Royal Ear  
 Thy study'd vile Excuses hear?  
 The salt'ring, stamm'ring, mean Evasions,  
 That Cowards use on such Occasions?  
 Can his offended Sight behold,  
 A Tr——, tho' array'd in Gold;  
 Will he not call for Vengeance down  
 On him who soil'd his sacred Crown?  
 On him, who by his royal Hand,  
 Was risen to the chief Command;  
 Honour'd with Titles, Pension, Place,  
 To be at last a King's Disgrace.

Thus while the Muse with weary Flight  
 Pursu'd thee in the Depth of Night,  
 When Peace and Silence reign'd profound,  
 A sudden Weight my Eye-lids bound:  
 There slumb'ring o'er the scribbled Pile,  
 I saw the Genius of our Isle,  
 O'erwhelm'd with Rage, she tore her Hair,  
 " Behold, she cry'd, yon T—— there;  
 " A Blot upon that Royal Court,  
 " Who gave him Grandeur and Support:  
 " Who, tho' his dastard Eye beheld  
 " The routed Frenchmen quit the Field,  
 " Refused to give the final Blow,  
 " And seal their total Overthrow.

" Rouse, Britons, rouse, the Genius cry'd,  
 " To Liberty and GEORGE ally'd;  
 " Demand that great Revenge, which you  
 " Have now a Right superior to,  
 " Nor suffer Title, Pomp, or Station,  
 " To fleece a brave and gen'rous Nation;  
 " Who with united Ardor join  
 " To'ards any great or good Design;  
 " Nor meanly grudge the Soldier's Booty,  
 " Provided he but does his Duty.  
 " Let him adorn the Field or State,  
 " His Pension ne'er can be too great,  
 " Who bravely seeks his Country's Good,  
 " In Councils, or in Fields of Blood.  
 " But he, who void of martial Fire,  
 " Accepts Commission but for Hire,  
 " And when the important Time appears,  
 " When he shou'd set aside his Fears,  
 " And all the Hero swell'd his Breast,  
 " Urg'd forward to the glorious Test: